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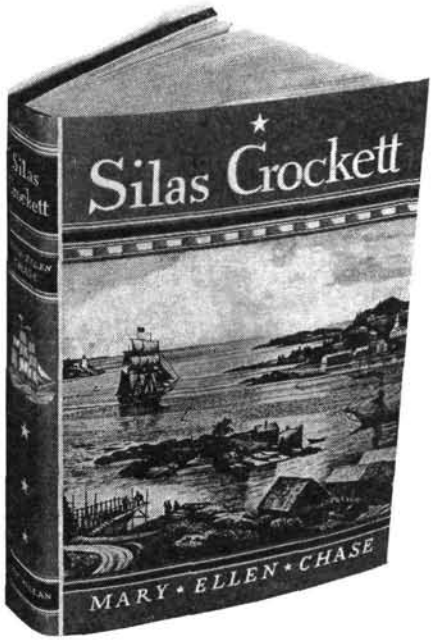

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A Champion of Lost Causes*

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

MR. RALPH BARTON PERRY, friend and former pupil of William James, has for some years past been devoting himself to the task of collecting the hitherto unpublished writings of that philosopher. He has now, with self-sacrificing vigilance and tact, produced two stout volumes in which he has articulated the vast documentation with which he has had to deal. From this rich commemoration of a great psychologist, moralist, and philosopher, it is my hope to extract a persuasive miniature portrait of the man.

The difficulty of my task as limner is suggested in the summary in which Professor Perry distinguishes no less than four William Jameses, the fourth being a kind of synthesis of the first three. I may have to make more distinctions than that.

It seems to me then that the directives of William James's highly erratic and individual orbit were these:—that his stock was Irish and of rather late immigration; that he was his father's son; that he was constitutionally a neurasthenic; while if we seek a psychological *ideé maîtresse* to weave these genetic and psychological strands together, he was a wistful and at times resentful outsider who longed to become an insider and worked valiantly if spasmodically towards that end. Thus his endeavors in so many fields of science and speculation were in Mr. Santayana's words, and also his own, so many "raids," not for conquest, in which he never believed, but to find an abiding place for his restless spirit.

Successively he invaded the painter's art, physiology, psychology, ethics, religion, philosophy, much as Alaric invaded Italy—as evidently a better place to wander about in than the Central European steppes.

It may seem a paradox that being himself one of the most sophisticated and finished of mortals, William James bitterly resented finish, sophistication, and

WILLIAM JAMES ABOUT 1885

authority in others. This was one of his sore weaknesses. He could write cattishly about Charles Eliot Norton, whom he really loved, could treat the most unself-seeking of men as a tufthunter. But this, so far as it was not bad nerves, was merely the residual Irishman. In the mundane sphere, the Irishman is proverbially "agin the government"; on the celestial plane, he readily admits the most egregious superstitions, the most questionable saints, the most dubious authorities. So William James constitutionally disliked or even hated whatever seemed to him formulated, trig, complacent—"top hat," and eagerly took up with whatever the proprieties had sent to Coventry—be it mental healing, mediumism, or what not. As an urchin, little Willy James boasted to his more "choosy" little brother, Henry,—"I play with boys who curse and swear."

His father's peculiar personality at once confirmed the recalcitrant Irishman in William James and broadened the pattern. Henry James, Sr., maintained not merely an unlimited tolerance, but also a positive love for his fellow men. He was both intellectually and personally hospitable in the highest degree. Indeed there has rarely been a family in which love so much abounded. Think of a father venerable and even famous ending a letter to sons nearing thirty with "Good-bye, my lovely boys." The father's letters to his children, their letters to each other, are so much love-making, with delightful expressions of gallantry and badinage. In William James this ambience of affection extended itself to the world.

In this unfalteringly expansive charity lay the special grace of William James's character. He could meet no human being coldly; even his prejudices were warm. On the practical side, this absence of self-protecting dislike—which Henry James early noted with admiring deprecation—was both an asset and a liability. It immensely enlarged and vivified his experience; it also told sorely against the effectiveness with which he could use his always limited energies. Even Emerson was hardly more beset by cranks, and William James lacked Emerson's shrewdness in evading them. For almost any sort of an unpopular lost cause he was glad to fight.

So he incurred grave liabilities in needless loss of time and of precious energy. I am not thinking of his adventurous friendliness which was temperamental and necessary, but of such wasteful endeavor as his foray in psychical research. I am sure he gained almost nothing in data that had not been gained, that could not have been gained without his aid. Meanwhile he squandered time and effort which, sensibly economized, would have given us instead of his literary executor's fragmentary torso the full figure of his own ultimate philosophy of radical empiricism. It was a heavy price to pay for an adventure however chivalric. For, apart from a somewhat morbid curiosity, it was the ill repute of psychical research

Next Week

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

* *THE THOUGHT AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM JAMES, As Revealed in His Unpublished Correspondence and Notes. By Ralph Barton Perry. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. 2 vols. $12.*

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among the pundits that chiefly impelled him.

His father, who had gladly espoused as it came along pretty much everything that wasn't "done" by an American of gentle breeding, intellectual tastes, and independent means—Fourierism, Swedenborgianism, abolition, woman's suffrage —once wrote to Emerson:

> I shall try to convert myself at least into an army of Goths and Huns, to overcome and destroy our existing sanctities, that the supernal splendors may at length become credible and even visible.

To a considerable extent the son was to carry out the program, but alas, for all short measures! The supernal splendors do not coruscate merely for confiscating all the safe-deposit boxes nor yet for bashing in all the high hats. The passage just quoted shows that William James got his picturesque literary style by legitimate inheritance.

The recurrent invalidism of William James was both physical and mental. It both limited his activities and stung him to heroic endeavor. He was always near the edge of his nerves, had looked into the black pit of hypochondria, has recorded grisly hallucinations from which he suffered. No man is really educated who has not considered suicide, he once wrote grimly. When he was fifty-four and in exceptional health, missing a trail in the Adirondacks, he seriously strained his heart. Thereafter all over-activity was at mortal hazard. William James made no more of these disabilities than Robert Louis Stevenson, whom as man and author he greatly admired, made of an always imminent death sentence. But if William James lived down and overcame much distress of mind and body, it also profoundly influenced his course. Suppose a reasonable health in his formative years, and it is a fair guess that the ex-chemist, naturalist, and medical student who in 1872, at thirty, became instructor in physiology at Harvard, would have long stuck to his job, working chiefly in the fascinating and then largely unexplored border land of physiology and psychology. Instead he was to pass on promptly, and greatly to our gain, to the border line where psychology touches practical morals and philosophy.

And in this new work his own invalidism was to color profoundly his aims and methods, giving him a poignant interest in sick souls and a compelling desire to come to their relief. This overbalance of sympathy for psychic underdogs, who after all probably constitute a majority of the human race, made the detachment commonly regarded as proper to the philosopher and moralist impossible for William James. He was always postponing the contemplative processes to the ministering of first aid, and this caused at once a lack of definition and completeness in all his philosophical writing, while imparting to it also a rich eloquence and a fine flavor of humanity.

Like his father who had been delivered from the dungeon of Giant Despair by Swedenborg's cosmic vision, William James experienced a definite conversion. It was mediated by the philosophy of Renouvier, who vindicated the freedom of the will against the prevailing theory of human automatism, and, much more oddly, by the perusal of Wordsworth's "The Excursion." Henry James, Sr., in a letter to Henry James, Jr., describes William as bursting out with

> Bless my soul, what a difference between me as I am now and as I was last spring at this time! Then so hypochondriachal . . . and now with my mind so cleaned up and restored to sanity. It's the difference between life and death.

THE HENRY JAMESES, SENIOR AND JUNIOR, 1854

This was in 1873 when William James at twenty-seven was conducting his first Harvard classes in physiology. The instance is meaningful in two respects. William James had let himself be deeply undermined by a fatalism which all mechanistic philosophers, all Calvinists and Mohammedans with many Augustinian Roman Catholics accept theoretically without letting it trouble them practically at all. Such dualism between thought and action was impossible for his father's son. A theory must work out in an action. There is no evading the test. We are already in the moral climate of "Pragmatism" and "The Will to Believe."

Before leaving this deeply engaging and I hope enlightening theme of William James and his father, we should note their common limitation in lack of historical background. For a family of the Jameses' rich culture and prodigious reading, the touch with history was singularly slight. And when William James did consult the remoter past it was on a sort of gorgeous slumming party with his mystics.

As characteristic of the entire clan, Henry James noted a "common disconnectedness." The Jameses were in a peculiar sense privileged outsiders. Henry James, Sr. never tried to make a living, or maintain a residence. The family moved from New York to Newport and Cambridge with long European intervals between moves. The sons, William and Henry, merely sojourned in schools, passing through the hands of many tutors. Those adolescent school years which convert us into solid citizens William James passed in Geneva, Bonn, and Paris. And if there was no external pressure on the young Jameses from state, church, or school, there was even less parental pressure. The father believed in individual expression, and encouraged it in his children. There is a charming account by E. L. Godkin of the whole James family in animated disputation.

> They were full of stories of the oddest kind, and discussed questions of morals or taste or literature with a vociferous vigor so great as sometimes to lead the young men to leave their seats and gesticulate on the floor. I remember in some of these heated discussions it was not unusual for the sons to invoke humorous curses on their parent, one of which was that "his mashed potatoes might always have lumps in them."

I doubt if any other American father of the late 60's was thus delightfully objurgated.

Truly the Jameses were outsiders, deliciously, sympathetically so. I believe this endeavor of a moral outsider to become an insider is the key to William James's character. It made him suspicious and even resentful of preciousness, professionalism, normality, organization; it made him transvalue the usual social categories. For him the moral outsiders were those who had withdrawn themselves by reason of prestige of any sort; the insiders were the run of well-meaning, common men.

The writings of William James, so admirably analyzed and traced in their widening lines of influence by Professor Perry, I shall treat only as their broad features reinforce and complete the portrait I am attempting to draw. A common intention runs through them all,—to make what had been cold and detached speculation for the few, warm and available counsel for the many. This aim is already implicit in "Principles of Psychology," 1890, and it is emphasized to exaggeration in most of the succeeding books such as "The Will to Believe," 1897; "Varieties of Religious Experience," 1902; and "Pragmatism," 1907.

To express the utter novelty of "Principles of Psychology" I must go back over

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Psychology of Dictatorship

WITH NAPOLEON IN RUSSIA: from the Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt. Edited by Jean Hanoteau and George Libaire. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by DAVID OWEN

"I HAVE touched up nothing and disguised nothing. . . . Neither conscience nor memory has played me false." Such honesty of purpose—however faulty the memory of the best intentioned reporter—was bound to produce a remarkable record, given the unique points of vantage which Caulaincourt held. As aide-de-camp, general, and ambassador to Russia this son of the Old Regime who had cast his lot with the New was thoroughly initiated into the Napoleonic system, but as Grand Ecuyer he was thrown into daily contact with the Emperor himself. In peace time he managed the imperial journeys; in battle his place was beside the Emperor. Throughout the greatest military disaster of the century he was Napoleon's constant (and often unwelcome) adviser. But these were commonplace experiences beside that historic fortnight in December, 1812, when he shared the Emperor's carriage on the flight from Smorgoni to Paris. It was an extraordinary "tête-à-tête with Authority," an Authority, moreover, that was eager to explain and justify itself.

The circumstances under which these memoirs have found their way into print add interest to an already sufficiently dramatic story. Caulaincourt, home from the wars, finally took up the task of putting into order the rough notes which he had jotted down in camp or in German taverns while waiting for a fresh relay of horses. When he died in 1827, he left two copies of his work, an uncorrected copy, which was sent to Paris, and a corrected version which remained at the chateau. For both personal and political reasons the Caulaincourt family declined to allow publication until 1913, when an edition was being prepared for the press. But the war intervened. When the Germans occupied Saint-Quentin, the castle was mined and the original manuscript disappeared, apparently for good. Two years ago, as type was being set from the uncorrected Paris version, there was unearthed in the ruins of the castle an old iron chest containing Caulaincourt's original copy. The printer made the necessary corrections and the manuscript was published in its entirety. In the American edition approximately the first half of the memoir has been included.

It is perhaps asking too much of a monarch that he be an untarnished hero to his equerry. Certainly Caulaincourt's attitude towards his chief remains throughout the book a compound of admiration and annoyance. Profound as was his devotion, he could feel only alarm at the waywardness of some of Napoleon's thinking, especially when with it was blended a power of fascinating such as few men have possessed. One has, remarks Caulaincourt, "to repeat diligently to oneself in advance: 'This is just; this is right; this only is in the interest of France, and therefore in the true interests of the Emperor.'" The Grand Ecuyer, whose blunt honesty and inflexible sense of duty often compelled him to disagree with his master, came through the test with flying colors.

As the Cassandra of the Russian venture, Caulaincourt frequently found himself in disfavor, for the Emperor's powers of self-delusion were enormous. The entire campaign was, in fact, an exercise in wishful thinking. Entered upon against the advice of those most familiar with Russian conditions and inadequately prepared for, the expedition was predestined to ghastly failure. Caulaincourt leaves us in no doubt that in both organization and tactics the business was bungled from start to finish. But to the self-deceived Bonaparte the blame lay elsewhere—with the English for their baleful intrigues, with the Russians for refusing to play the game of war according to Napoleonic rules, for firing Moscow, and for avoiding peace negotiations. To the last he was whistling to keep up his courage. It was a muddle-headed, perverse Emperor who led the armies into Russia. Yet when he walked among the soldiers, who were freezing to death by the hundreds and were living on horsemeat when they were lucky enough to get it, there was, according to Caulaincourt, no murmur of complaint. "They cursed the elements, but had not a word of reproach for *La Gloire*."

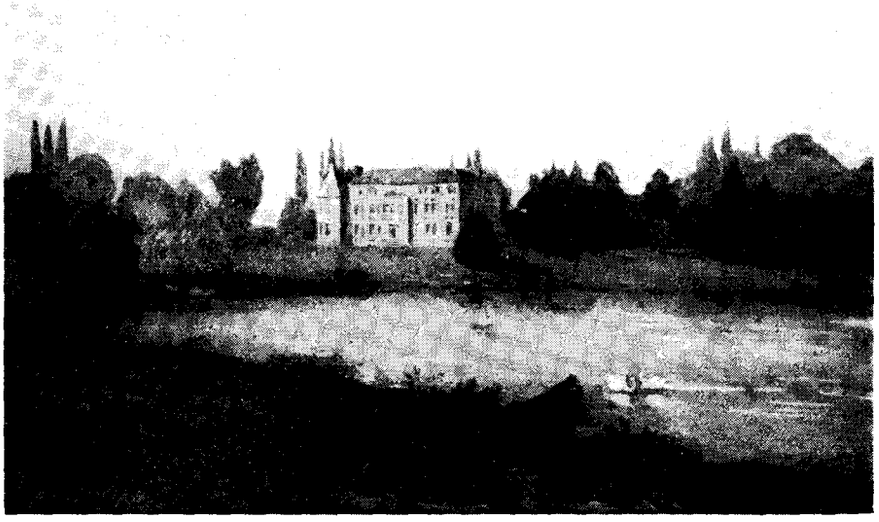
The story of the campaign itself is familiar enough, although Caulaincourt's observations are shrewd and to the point. His distinctive contribution, however, lies in the self-portrait which he allows the Emperor to draw during the flight to Paris. Huddled together on the sledge or in the carriage, the travellers exchange confidences that would have been impossible under more formal conditions. The talk is of the past and future—the Russian fiasco, the Emperor's political objectives, and his ideal of government. Napoleon's mind is turning away from war and eagerly looking forward to peace.

> We shall spend four months in every year travelling, without our own frontiers. . . . I shall see the cottage firesides of our fair France. I wish to visit the Departments which lack proper communications, to build roads and canals, to help commerce and encourage industry. . . . In ten years' time I shall be blessed as wholeheartedly as I am hated to-day.

He comments on his ministers and ex-ministers with appalling candor. Talleyrand is quite immoral but witty and the most capable of all the ministers; Fouché is merely a schemer who would steal anything he could lay his hands on; Savary, although self-interested, is a better man than the public thinks. During that memorable ride little was withheld from the equerry's eager notebook.

That Caulaincourt's Napoleon coincides with the Napoleon we already know does not detract from the value of his picture. On the contrary, the familiar features stand out with peculiar vividness against the honest gray background of the equerry's personality. And the comparison is not wholly to the Emperor's advantage, for it throws clearly into relief the essential restlessness and instability of his mind. I am tempted to recommend Caulaincourt's account as a textbook on the psychology of dictatorship. It will not, I think, increase your admiration for the race of dictators.

David Owen is a member of the history department at Yale University.



THE CHATEAU AND PARK OF CAULAINCOURT
Watercolor by E. de Montesquiou, from "With Napoleon in Russia"

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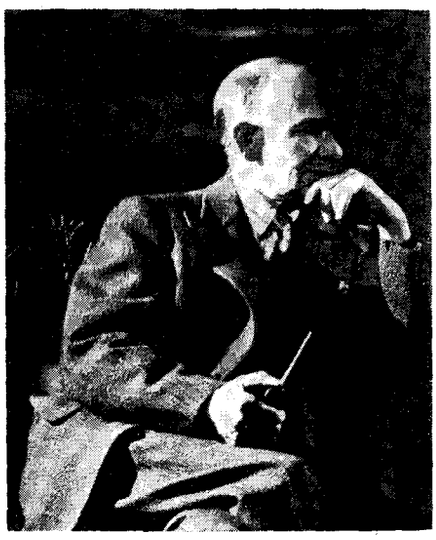
Mr. Tomlinson on War and Youth

MARS HIS IDIOT. By H. M. Tomlinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

ANNOUNCED as "a magnificent and terrible indictment of war," Mr. Tomlinson's "Mars His Idiot" is another in that long line of tracts which explain that modern battle is a horrible and disgusting thing, and that it should be stopped. It is difficult to belittle such a tract, be it ever so thin or wan in the way of its writing; for there is always the feeling that it may do some good, that it may fall into the hands of some wavering persons who have not yet heard the case, and that even its weak arguments may prevail. A pacifist book is a thing to be automatically welcomed.

But this one has been specifically directed at the ears of the younger generation, and it comes in the form of sage and sorrowing counsel offered by a front-line spectator of the last holocaust. One hopes, therefore, for some special message. One is not rewarded.



H. M. TOMLINSON

The book is a product of Mr. Tomlinson's Fleet Street; and it is dressed in a literary style that has all the correctness, the understress, the chattiness, and the rather windy wandering that one associates with much modern British journalism. An American's first reaction is to feel that this style lacks the vigor, the lean strength which a tract requires; he can't get his teeth into the meat of it.

And this peacable style sometimes goes right over into pure Sunday Supplement English when Mr. Tomlinson offers to the young such glittering truths as "War is silly," or "The decrees of statesmen are often as arbitrary as the way of the wind," or "One cannot help a suspicion now and then that Christ knew what he was talking about."

The essence of Mr. Tomlinson's book is a *mea culpa* spoken for his generation. The statesmen from 1870 to 1914 were, he says, "all wrong, all of them, all the time." The generation has "nothing to offer" the young. National oracles like Sir Edward Grey were better when studying birds than diplomacy; generals (all except Joffre, to whom the author surprisingly ascribes "supreme military genius") were impotent; the ideals of heroism and military valor became a hollow mockery in the face of mechanical destruction. The chance of an enduring and rational peace was missed; Versailles was the parent of the military revival, and Hitler's father was less Wotan than Clemenceau.

All this by now is granted, and it seems a bit awkward for a sophisticated journalist to spend so much of his book laboring it once more. Mr. Tomlinson then describes, pretty much in the manner of recent alarmists, the horrors of the next war: air-raids which destroy whole cities in a twinkling, armadas which blow the countryside into a charnel-house, etc. All this is well known too (although some objective experts have recently been toning down the horror visions; every new attacking weapon, it appears, breeds its own resisting weapon, and the outcome is likely to be just the same stalemate as we had last time).

To this entirely reasonable argument the conclusion is a group of statements like "We must renounce war not because it is terrible, but because it is evil"; "Mankind need not have war if they do not want it." The author places his reliance not in a revolt of the masses against their warlike dictators, but in the conscience of the individual person. It might be unfair to call this a doctrine of passive resistance, but the general forcelessness of Mr. Tomlinson's conclusion does suggest it.

A really potent attack on war and irresponsible diplomacy seems to me to consist, not in portraits of horror, but in the cool description of the forces that actually make for war. Mr. Tomlinson avoids all thought of economics; but a young person is likely to get much hotter when he reads the current "War Memoirs" of Secretary Lansing, which reveal a "neutral" diplomat's prostrations before the magic of Allied war orders, or the Senate Committee testimony as to the activities of J. P. Morgan & Co., or the newer data about munitions firms, propagandists, and profiteers, than when he reads Mr. Tomlinson's chapters of vague regret and amiable hope.

Mr. Hale, who graduated from Yale a few years ago, is one of the generation to whom "Mars His Idiot" is addressed. He is the author of "Challenge to Defeat," the statement of a young man's case against the ideas of the war generation.

Saving the System

THE GAY REFORMER. By Mauritz A. Hallgren. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.75.

Reviewed by HERBERT C. PELL

THE title of this book is singularly ill chosen. I confess that when I picked up "The Gay Reformer" I expected to find a clever and amusing satire. I was well pleased to discover that it was, quite to the contrary, a serious book, the type of thing which might have been written by an ardent French republican in the eighteenth century in protest against the folly of Turgot's efforts to rehabilititate the failing system of French monarchy.

With intelligent judgment and calmness, although at too great length, it puts forth the most tenable of all arguments against the present Administration, namely, that it is trying to save a moribund system of civilization which will not save itself nor allow others to save it. Mr. Hallgren, acting as spokesman for the advanced radicals, points out, illustrates, and proves to saturation that the Administration has done everything possible to preserve the bourgeois profit system.

Whether or not capitalism can still be saved at all is, of course, an open question. But it must be obvious to those of us who believe that honest capitalism is the best system of government for this country that capitalism will be beaten, if beaten it is to be, not as Mr. Hallgren no doubt thinks, by the open opposition of men like himself, but by the weight of its own dishonest privilege. At the time of the French Revolution, the efforts of Turgot came too late to pump life back into the moribund structure of privileged nobility. It is quite possible that any effort made today to give honest capitalism a chance may be too late. Mr. Hallgren obviously realizes that the danger to his cause does not come from a recrudescence

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

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of capitalism—he looks on any prosperity that may come in the immediate future not as a new spring but as the Indian summer of capitalism or, as he prefers to say, of the "profit system"—but from the advent of some form of Caesarism or, to use the modern word for the same thing, from fascism.

At this point, however, over against Mr. Hallgren's belief in socialism as the best form of government it should be urged that socialism, quite as much as capitalism, depends for its honest and efficient working on the loyalty, coördination, and general sense of justice of the public. Both systems depend on the coöperation of free individuals, coöperation depends on confidence, and confidence in the long run cannot exist in a community where every man's hand is against his brother. Socialism, like capitalism, to be successful, must be predicated on an altruism of which society has not as yet proven capable.

The fascist doctrine, in contradistinction to the capitalist and socialist, looks on the public as too stupid to be effectively appealed to by an intelligent consideration of their interest. It prefers to appeal to the people through their cowardice and fear, to make them take orders which they are too stupid to comprehend. Fascists accept the doctrine of one head because they believe there are not enough brains in the community to fill two.

Mr. Hallgren, in making his attack on the present system, disregards, with contempt, the stupid element of the bourgeoisie which would continue privilege at any risk. The Liberty League, the Crusaders, and other tools of a bourgeoisie too dull to appreciate its own danger are not discussed in this book. Mr. Hallgren sees in the efforts of the Administration the only present danger to those who would feast on the ruins of capitalism. The bourgeoisie will remain ignorant of its own interests though considerate of nothing else and this ignorance will provide the material for its own overthrow.

Herbert C. Pell was chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee from 1921-26 and member of Congress from 1919-21. He has lectured at Harvard, Columbia, and other universities.

A New Selected Kipling

A KIPLING PAGEANT. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN quite an amusing foreword to his publisher of this volume, the Man from India gives instructions to "the Nakhoda, the Captain of this Ship."

> And—last—I have left the sole choice of the number and the natures of the samples upon *thy* head. . . . Also, it is most certain that if I myself had chosen the samples, many men would have cried out:—"Why did not this Uncle of Owls include in his manifest such and such packets or bales?" Then would they have pursued me with their maledictions and their animadversions and their revisements.

Canny author! The animadversions must then be aimed at the publisher. I have not many. In an omnibus volume like this, with the contents culled from so voluminous a writer as Kipling, it is inevitable that every reader of so popular a writer will find certain omissions and certain inclusions not to his taste. But, in the main, the representation seems to me to be good. Here are such immortalities as "The Man Who Would be King," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "Brugglesmith," and "Wireless," among the short stories; "The Light that Failed" in its entirety, and "The Brushwood Boy." If one thinks one might have spared "England and the English," in favor of such remarkable stories as "They" or "An Habitation Enforced," still, "Stalky & Company" is represented by a chapter, "The Jungle Books," the "Just So Stories," and the "Puck of Pook's Hill" books are selected from, we have that remarkable tale of air traffic in the future, "With the Night Mail," and a number of fine incidental poems before we come to selections from the "Inclusive Verse." In regard to the latter, "The White Man's Burden" reads queerly enough now; and I should, myself, have removed "If" and "The Gods of the Copybook Headings," and set in their

RUDYARD KIPLING

stead "The Last Chantey" and "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas;" for the former to me are journalism, while the latter are true poems of the ballad variety. Nevertheless the verse included certainly represents the most popular rhyming that Kipling ever did, the verse that—like "Danny Deever," "Mandalay", "The Long Trail," and "Gunga Din"—has been set to music and sung over and over again, or the poems which—like "Boots"—have lent themselves to infinite recitation.

How remarkable in their use of technical terminology "M'Andrew's Hymn" and the story ".007" are, may here be savored again. And, among other juxtapositions, the latter following upon the heels of that great Jungle Book tale "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," serves as only one small illustration of the variety of Rudyard Kipling.

There is no longer, if there ever was, any probable, possible shadow of doubt that Kipling remains a master of the short story. In poetry he was also a master of the ballad form by adaptation. And—quite aside from his opinions—his workmanship in all the literary forms he elected is fine of craft and clean of line. Over and above this, of course, he remains a creator whose creations could never be mistaken for those of anyone else. Never by any possibility. Even the bad with the good. Of how many writers of our own day may that be said?

In the middle of this book is an article that will gratify our American hearts. It is Kipling's interview, back in 1890, with Mark Twain. Now that we are celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of our Grand Old Man of Letters, this falls timely. Among other questions, Kipling asked Mark Twain whether he ever intended to write his autobiography. Well, here is one reviewer who longs for the autobiography of Rudyard Kipling.

Lost in Heaven

By ROBERT FROST

THE clouds, the source of rain, one stormy night
Offered an opening to the source of dew,
Which I accepted with impatient sight,
Looking for my old sky-marks in the blue.

But stars were scarce in that part of the sky,
And no two were of the same constellation—
No one was bright enough to identify;
So 'twas with not ungrateful consternation

Seeing myself well-lost once more, I sighed,
"Where, where in heaven am I? But don't tell me,"
I warned the clouds, "by opening on me wide.
Let's let my heavenly lostness overwhelm me."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Safety for Poets

IN New York last week a Poetry Ball drew some thousands to watch a pageant, to dance, eat, talk, and contribute to an endowment fund for established poets. In the Renaissance the prince gave a purse of ducats. In the machine age that heterogeneous group called Society pays its $10.00 a ticket, the net to go to poetry. The first, as Shakespeare might have said, is the neater way, but what difference does it make provided the entertainment is good, and the returns ample? For poetry needs to be endowed.

This is no time, even if it were necessary, to argue the cause of poetry. It is a barren age for great poets, since the world's obsessions are with the mechanical adjustments of man to his environment, and yield with difficulty to poetic expression. The need is all the greater. It is deplorable that this generation has been so conditioned to prose that they can with difficulty understand a language so charged with emotional thinking that by necessity it takes on rhythmic form and the high suggestibility of words chosen for their connotation as well as their denotation. It is deplorable for the poets, too, who inevitably feel that they are speaking in a void, and so often talk to themselves in elliptical numbers rather than to their fellow men.

We leave this question aside, with the confident assertion that the vital need of more good poetry, more and better read, is easy to prove, if proof is necessary. It was for the poets primarily that the new Academy of Poetry, with its ball, was inaugurated.

Curious that the people who believe and know that scholarship or science needs security do not realize that security is a valuable gift for poets also. The relative safety of an academic job may breed timorousness, and even time-serving, but without it, disinterested investigation would largely cease. Work upon the atom, or the virus of cold in the head, or the vitamins, or the stars, requires, since scientists are human, an accompanying guarantee not of wealth, not even of fame, but of reasonable economic security. Otherwise only the rich and the incredibly rash could devote the life-time of effort which even a tiny advance in human knowledge demands of the researcher. No state ever got more and better science by starving its scientists.

This seems axiomatic. Why not then apply the same reasoning to poetry? It is also a life-time effort, which must, as a rule, be begun in youth. It also is relatively non-productive of financial gain, sometimes entirely so. Only in those rare periods when poetry and the common interest were close have poets been able to earn enough to guarantee a reasonable security. The best men, with very, very few exceptions, have derived the backbone of their income from other sources, usually from inheritance or gift.

The poet is by definition not a steady man, not a thrifty bourgeois with his mind on profits. He must have had deep emotional experiences and ardent searchings of the mind or his poetry will be fluff or chaff. All the more does he need security. Not the security of easy money, not the security of a job. Not any security that binds him. Like the scientist who resembles him closely in that both must be concerned with the production not the sales value of their brains, he must know that if he does his work well, he can count on some safety from economic storm. He cannot be safe against the storms that sweep the mind and be a poet, but he must have security in his environment of home and friends, and food and shelter, or suffer, and his work with him. The law is inexorable. He is a man who profits by experience, even terrible experience, but he cannot profit from hardship and privation and worry indefinitely continuing. He will always have trouble enough. But he cannot do his best work if he is guaranteed trouble. Exile may have had its benefits for Dante, but waiting upon strangers' stairs was not one of the causes of his greatness. The Elizabethan poets who died in misery were the inferiors of Shakespeare whose economic safety, at least, was assured by his good fortune in being an actor as well as a playwright, and as a playwright a practitioner of what was then the only kind of poetry that could usually be exchanged for immediate cash.

Anything for Profits

We should like to see a little more scholarship and a little less imaginative literature in some departments of American life, notably in the tabloids. The tabloids have their points, but they are not in the headlines. Our statistician has kept track of the figures in one black-face sheet since the Abyssinian war began. Since the Italians crossed the line, 50,217 Ethiopians have been killed in type by the headline writer. (The 17 was evidently due to an error by which the actual casualty figure of the text got up higher without an accrued zero.) Once Great Britain and Italy have begun to fight. Once the war has been stopped by the Duce. We are told that another newspaper, pro-Ethiopian in sympathies, has rolled up a total of Italian dead from wounds or disease almost as impressive. Between them, when and if the real battles begin, they may sweep both armies into the casualty list by Christmas.

Now presumably the headline staffs of these papers went to school. Indeed, since the sensational press has always been a refuge for intellectuals, they probably went to college, and certainly some idea of the reasonable accuracy demanded by even elementary scholarship must have been given to them. They must know better. Probably they do, but are under pressure from a circulation manager trying to hold his job. What is truth when advertisers ask for coverage?

Abyssinia is far away, and the number of paper-slain Ethiopians not in itself important. Nevertheless this cynicism is the kind of insult to the human intelligence which makes enemies for the profit-making system among honest folks who feel that capitalism is still the best bet in economics. For this is a minor instance of the complacence with which the debauching of the minds of the public is condoned if only it pays. No other argument until recently has been intelligible to the proprietors of the movies. No other argument is taken seriously by the owners of more great newspaper properties than defenders of our present order will care to admit. It is a curious civilization we live in. Millions spent on the non-profit making business of educating children to use their minds like rational beings. Millions made by exploiting the instinctive tendencies of adults to revert to the category of credulous children who can be stuffed with vulgarity or with lies.

Ten Years Ago

Every year adds to the accretion of Napoleonic literature which already reaches an immense total. 1925 was no exception. Elie Faure's "Napoleon" was reviewed in The Saturday Review for February 28th, 1925, by Wilbur Cortez Abbott. He concluded his review: *"To explain Napoleon we need more than epigrams—and fortunately we have the facts. . . . We do not need dithyrambics nor rhapsodies."*

Today

On page 5 of this issue David Owen reviews a new discovery in the Napoleonic field, "With Napoleon in Russia," from the Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt. In the course of his review, Mr. Owen explains how the manuscript came to light two years ago, and goes on to say: *"I am tempted to recommend Caulaincourt's account as a textbook on the psychology of dictatorship."*

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Letters to the Editor: *Whitman and the Immigrant*

Salut au Monde

SIR:—Quaint contrast between Walt Whitman's ideas and those of his latest editor:

> After [Whitman] came the promiscuous influx of immigrants from Europe, some of whom so abused our hospitality that the United States is no longer open to all comers. The American race of which Whitman had high hopes now embraces people from all parts of the globe, many of whom differ widely in political and social ideals from the sturdy pioneer stock he celebrates. Had Whitman lived into the twentieth century he would probably have been grievously disappointed in the types of personality that actually evolved, so different from the type he expected to emerge from a hundred years of American democracy.—*Specimen Days, Democratic Vistas, and Other Prose*, edited by Louise Pound, Professor of English, University of Nebraska (New York, 1935), pp. xxxiii; xxxiv.

Walt Whitman, "Salut au Monde":

> You, whoever you are!
> You daughter or son of England!
> You of the mighty Slavic tribes and empires! you Russ in Russia!
> You dim-descended, black, divine-soul'd African, large, fine-headed, nobly-form'd, superbly destin'd, on equal terms with me!
> . . . . . .
> You Sardinian! you Bavarian! Swabian! Saxon! Wallachian! Bulgarian!
> . . . . . .
> You Jew journeying in your old age through every risk, to stand once on Syrian ground
> You other Jews waiting in all lands for your Messiah!
> . . . . . .
> You own'd persons, dropping sweat-drops or blood-drops!
> You human forms with the fathomless ever-impressive countenances of brutes!
> I dare not refuse you—the scope of the world, and of time and space, are upon me.
> . . . . . .
> My spirit has pass'd in compassion and determination around the whole earth;
> I have look'd for equals and lovers, and found them ready for me in all lands;
> I think some divine rapport has equalized me with them.

HOWARD M. JONES.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mrs. Govan is not Mrs. Burman

SIR:—AU SECOURS EXCLAMATION POINT IN YOUR REVIEW CHRISTINE NOBLE GOVANS BOOK FIVE AT ASHFIELD SATURDAY REVIEW YOU SAY MRS GOVAN IN PRIVATE LIFE IS MRS BEN LUCIEN BURMAN BEING BESIEGED WITH WIRES AND LETTERS ASKING WHAT DOES THIS MEAN INTERROGATION POINT GRATIFYING ATTESTING CIRCULATION SATURDAY REVIEW BUT HIGHLY DISTURBING TO ONE WHO FLEES TO SAHARA TO WORK IN DESERT TRANQUILLITY HAVE NEVER MET MRS GOVAN BUT AM INFORMED SHE IS CHARMING TENNESSEEAN MRS BEN LUCIEN BURMAN WHEN SHE IS CALLED THAT WHICH IS RARELY IS ALICE CADDY STOP ALICE CADDY ILLUSTRATED ONE OF CHRISTINE NOBLE GOVANS BOOKS LAST YEAR THOSE PLUMMER CHILDREN PERHAPS BY SOME CURIOUS METAMORPHOSIS HER NAME IS ON THE NEW CHILDS BOOK THOUGH I AM CERTAIN SHE DID NOT ILLUSTRATE IT AS I AM ALWAYS REQUIRED AFTER A HECTIC NIGHT OF SKETCHING TO GO TO THE POST OFFICE AT FIVE OCLOCK IN THE MORNING TO PERSONALLY MAIL HER SKETCHES TO PUBLISHERS AND HAVE BEEN OCCUPIED EXCLUSIVELY IN PAST FEW WEEKS MAKING SUCCESSION OF DAZED SUNRISE TRIPS WITH HER DRAWINGS FOR NEW ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS EDITION OF STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND PLEASE PUBLISH SOME SORT OF EXPLANATION CORRECTION ETC SO THAT THE PEACE OF THE DESERT MAY ONCE MORE DESCEND UPON US

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

"MARVELLOUS, GUSTAVE—IF ONLY I COULD WRITE LIKE THAT!"

Literary Statistics

SIR:—The two lists, each of fifty recommended books, which you took apart for examination in the editorial, "Some Literary Statistics," in the issue of November 9, are indeed a little sad. But the greater list of 1,000 from which they were selected (they are all published in a pamphlet under the title, "Good Reading: a Guide for College Students and Adult Readers . . ." by the National Council of Teachers of English, 211 W. 68th Street, Chicago, Ill.) is worthy of more attention. In the longer list there is no undue emphasis on fiction, the choices are broad and well classified, there are annotations, and in the case of at least one division, philosophy, the forewords are downright attractive.

It does have its weaknesses, of course. The various annotators exhibit prejudice and in other ways show inexperience in their small but special and important art. The time lag is noticeable. . . . One might cavil further, but the fact is that among lists of this type, "Good Reading" is the best that has so far appeared. As such it has its uses.

I am moved to these remarks because at the moment I am seeking a small, select number of readable books for possible placement in dormitory libraries. I have my personal ideas as to what is readable, and I have at least half a notion what college students prefer. But I ought to be able to check my choices against something more vital than partial, undigested lists, or lists that are conservative and out of date as soon as printed. (The students themselves are furnishing some of the funds for purchase and I can't afford, for my own reputation, to make many mistakes!) In place of anything better, I have used "Good Reading." It has been helpful.

You say that "a careful, not a chance selection of strictly current books should be made for young readers . . ." That is the crux of the question. As Mr. J. Periam Danton, librarian at Colby College, recently has suggested, we ought to have a reviewing medium designed for college book selection. Or if that seems too far in the future as it well may be, we should have at short intervals two or three pages devoted to that purpose in a review such as your own. I believe the feeling grows in college circles that student needs merit such special attention.

PAUL H. BIXLER, *Librarian.*
Antioch College,
Yellow Springs, Ohio.

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Prophylactic against Hysteria

CHRISTIAN ART. By C. R. Morey. New York: Longmans Green & Co. 1935.

Reviewed by RALPH ADAMS CRAM

NOW when hysteria would seem to have become the accepted motive power for the formation of judgments and the establishing of values, one can always return to Professor Morey as a sufficient corrective in artistic matters, where this same hysterical motivation is curiously prevalent. More than adequately fortified by sound learning, his judgments are always mature, his conclusions based on a very comprehensive sort of insight. This latest book, made up of a series of articles originally published in *Liturgical Arts*, is no exception to the rule.

The type of unreasoning hysteria against which Mr. Morey is an excellent prophylactic, is well expressed in the following quotation from a well-known commentator on the fine arts:

> Art is a kind of malice, a kind of venom which thought and feeling eject. . . . Beauty is the absence of the familiar. . . . Art is the salvation of God. Only after being purified in the alembics of creative genius are His works fitted to enter the presence of intelligence. The universe is God's original sin and He is only redeemed through death and transfiguration in the artistic heavens. The august stupidities of the unconscious are rationalized in the brain. . . .

The point would be arguable that this is one of the most foolish statements ever made by a member of that genus metaphorically known as *Homo Sapiens*, but let that pass. In contrast, take the closing paragraph from Mr. Morey's volume:

> The academic point of view demoted the intuitive and instinctive in art, whereby in the Middle Ages Christianity's grand theme had found naïve but real expression, and established in its stead the principle of beauty achieved by theory and rules, capable of transmission by pedagogy, and subservient to the absolute and exotic standard of classical antiquity. Thus was artistic perfection divorced from experience, religious or otherwise, and reduced in scale to the intellectual possibilities of its creator. The academic styles that have succeeded each other since the seventeenth century, as a consequence of this curious divorce of beauty from truth, can hardly be classified as Christian art, since they recognize no inspiration higher than the human mind.

Mr. Morey says that "the absence of any survey of medieval art in English" is his justification for putting his essays in book form. This is perhaps hardly fair. It would be possible to name a half-dozen books that are at least adequate approximations, but it is true that none is so compressed into concrete form. It is true also that this very brevity and conciseness make the picture he draws both lucid and convincing. Again, in considering the art of painting alone, we have here the most consistent sequence of derivations and developments.

As for art in general, the following is a most admirable analysis:

> There is a test of civilizations, or cultural epochs, well known and trusted by the historian of art. It is: what was produced by this or that race, or period, in architecture? Was the collective thought thereof sufficiently fresh, positive, and confident to produce in architecture a new and original style? It is worth pondering that, if exception be made of derivative manners, the two architectures of Europe which may without reservation be called original were produced by classic Greece and medieval France. They were thus produced because they were needed for the expression of two contrasting points of view, so different that the one could in no wise have originated from the other. The one viewed the world with the serenity of intellectual detachment, transforming experience instinctively into ideas. The other never extricated itself enough from circumstance to achieve the coolness of the Greek survey of life; seeking the concrete and the individual, it sought the infinite as well, not with calm logic but with the passionate intuition of faith. The one produced an architecture of reasoned simplicity, adhering to the horizontal, distrustful of unmeasured volume; the other built with complicated stresses and balances, with soaring vaults, and silhouettes that disappear in space.

DE MENA'S ST. FRANCIS

Is it quite true to say, however, that the only two original styles produced in Europe were the Greek and Gothic, and that the two contrasting points of view that brought them into existence, never merged? As March Phillipps has shown in "Form and Color," the two contrasting modes of form and space, of intellect and emotion (Greek and Oriental), did meet and merge in that Byzantine style, the crown of which is Hagia Sophia in Constantinople, and that thus a third style was produced, worthy to be called original and worthy to stand with Greek and Gothic. This was also in point of architectural style, a conception of and in, space, as was Gothic, which Worringer rightly calls a spatial art, one, that is, that saw space as freedom, that conceived this airy volume first, and worked outward until the exterior became simply the enclosing shell. Byzantine architecture never got as far as formulating an exterior equally glorious to what it contained, but Gothic did, and in the end made the outer form of its churches so splendid that we are sometimes led into thinking that this exterior form, composition, and ornament make up the essential element in the style.

Mr. Morey's consideration of the various phases of Byzantine art, particularly mosaic and painting, is very revealing and, so far as I know, the facts are here set down for the first time. There was, first of all, the original pre-iconoclastic style, static and regimented by ecclesiastical authority, but very noble in its spatial and hieratic quality. During the iconoclastic period (so curiously suggestive of some aspects of the Protestant and Puritan revolutions) art lapsed in the East, and its practitioners, or some of them, sought refuge and employment in the West, so laying the foundations of the art of Christian Europe. After the accession of the Empress Irene and the return of a measure of sanity, a new influence came in from Alexandria, dynamic, vital, and marked by a new quality of absolute beauty.

This is the mosaic art of Hagia Sophia, the almost incredibly beautiful work now slowly being revealed by the Byzantine Institute of America under the direction of Mr. Whittemore. These are the mosaics that took the place of those hacked out by the iconoclasts and probably date from the tenth century. Happily, Mr. Morey is in error in saying that Kahrie-Djami "is the only church of the great Christian capital that still retains its decoration." The last eighteen months have proven that substantially *all* the mosaics of Hagia Sophia are still there under their canvas. Photographs that have been privately seen prove beyond question that these are the most astoundingly beautiful mosaics in the world; perhaps even the greatest extant works of Christian art. They are in a category by themselves.

This is a small volume, concise in form, interesting and untechnical. The illustration are most admirably chosen.

Ralph Adams Cram is an architect and author who has written much on art and art in its relation to civilization. Among his many books is "The Catholic Church and Art."

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André Gide's Autobiography

IF IT DIE . . . By André Gide. New York: Random House. 1935. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

CHARACTERISTICALLY, André Gide has taken the title of this volume from that paradoxical passage in St. John's Gospel which runs: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Since he is chiefly concerned to explain, justify, and finally glorify his homosexuality, it is not surprising that his pious friends and critics in France have described his personality as "demoniacal," and are revolted by the way in which this Huguenot has quoted Scripture for his purpose. Unlike Paul Claudel, Francis Jammes, and Henri Massis, all of whom tried at different times to convert him to Catholicism, Gide could find no consolation in that anodyne. A Protestant, armed with his Bible and the right of free inquiry, so dearly purchased by his Huguenot forbears, Gide had to seek his own salvation. He told the late Sir Edmund Gosse that he had to write this book, because of his Protestant upbringing and his hatred of lies.

If it were not a part of the life of the most distinguished living French writer, this volume would have little interest for those who have any acquaintance with the standard works of Havelock Ellis, Krafft-Ebing, or Moll, on the psychology of sex. In its account of the sexual complications of the boy and young man, which were finally resolved by his discovery that he was homosexual, it differs little from hundreds of case histories of its kind. Some readers, I suppose, will be drawn to it merely out of morbid curiosity, but its main interest will be for those familiar with the works of André Gide, especially if read in connection with its predecessor "Corydon" and its successor "Numquid et tu? . . .," which complete the process of self-examination and self-justification to which Gide's fundamentally puritan conscience forced him to submit. His private preoccupations were always reflected to a large extent in his writings, and to reread "Strait is the Gate" in the light of these confessions is to have an enhanced sense of the subtle beauty of that study of tortured conscience. Although he closes this chapter of his reminiscences with his marriage to his dearly loved cousin, when he was but six and twenty and had published only two anonymous and hopelessly unsuccessful works, it throws a light upon his future development which extends so far forward as to explain his recent adherence to communism.

Gide was essentially the victim in childhood of a puritanical, typically Huguenot upbringing at the hands of his mother, against whom he fought vainly until her death, which fortunately coincided with the solution of his sexual problem, and was followed by his marriage. His father was evidently the superior of the two parents and his son was greatly attracted to him, but he died too early to help Gide, who was delivered over to the unmerciful tenderness of his spinster-like mother and an English governess. French Protestant society is little known to foreigners, who think of France in terms exceedingly remote from the austerities of those families in the Cevennes, who could still, in Gide's childhood, show the place in every household where the Bible was hidden from Papist inquisitors. In these people, their habits and prejudices

ANDRÉ GIDE

and virtues, the American reader will recognize at once the kin of New England. At the lycée of Montpellier Gide experienced the antagonism between Catholic and Protestant from which his hitherto secluded existence had sheltered him.

To plunge from this world into the literary Paris of the Symbolist movement was a violent change, and one for which Gide, of all people, was peculiarly unfitted. Pierre Louys, an early school friend, was his link with the world of letters. Both had been precociously absorbed in literary pursuits, and Louys had none of Gide's timidity, irresoluteness, and inhibitions, so that the two friends began by making their trial flights together. Heredia, Mallarmé, Henri de Régnier, Vielé-Griffin, and other lesser known figures of the Symbolist group appear briefly in these pages. Gide characterizes them sharply and often unjustly, for he was soon to break with Symbolism because he held that prose was his medium and that, in fact, prose is always superior at its best to poetry. The Symbolists, on the other hand, professed to regard prose as a minor activity. The abject failure of his first book admittedly had much to do with his decision to live aloof from literary cliques, but he had a profounder reason, which bears directly upon the nature of his slowly acquired fame and his unique position in French literature.

> I have passionately desired fame [he writes] but I soon came to the conclusion that success in its usual manifestations is only an adulterated imitation of it. I like to be liked on good grounds, and if I feel that the praise vouchsafed me is the result of a misunderstanding, it gives me pain. I can find no satisfaction in trumped up favors.

A fine and proud sentiment to which André Gide has held true, and which loses none of its force by reason of the fact that he has always been economically independent of those concessions which many writers have had to make in order to survive.

Ernest Boyd is the author of numerous books of criticism and biography, and was the editor and translator of the collected novels and stories of Maupassant.

Defending the Border

THE TEXAS RANGERS, a Century of Frontier Defense. By Walter Prescott Webb. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1935. $5.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

HERE is the first comprehensive and authentic account of the Texas Rangers from their beginnings a century ago until the present year. The author, who is Professor of History at the University of Texas, is one of the foremost scholars in the Southwest. He writes well, and he has here a subject manifestly after his own heart. He does not slight his subject: we are offered nearly six hundred pages of thrilling narrative, illustrated by scores of photographs and drawings at once pleasing and convincing. Now that the eyes of Texas are upon her past, in this time of the Centennial, Professor Webb's book will be doubly welcome—both to the scholar and the general reader of adventurous non-fiction.

The Texas Rangers were almost a military organization. In their early years they fought marauding Indians, throughout their history they have had to fight Mexicans along the border, and always they were confronted with bandits of every race, color, and breed known to the Southwest. They have coped with every type of killer from the Comanche kidnapper to gun-men like Clyde Barrow. Their history was ended (by legislative enactment) last August. This book is their adequate memorial. No more thrilling book of Western adventure has recently appeared. It contains a bibliography, and an index. An indispensable reference work for Texas history.

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Two North Carolina Novels

A STONE CAME ROLLING. By Fielding Burke. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by SELDEN RODMAN

THIS is less a novel than a slice of saga. Rapidly shifting from family to family and from town to country, the story embraces an entire community in North Carolina. Dunmow is a typical Southern industrial town, dominated by mill-owners and preachers. Its "proletariat," but recently drawn from the countryside, is of God-fearing native stock. Only since the depression, as wage-cut follows wage-cut, have the textile workers organized or rebelled. But most of them can still be aroused by religious exhortation and race prejudice to those excesses of reactionary violence for which the whole country blushes.

These people are already known well to the readers of modern fiction through the works of Faulkner, Caldwell, Grace Lumpkin, and William Rollins, Jr. But what distinguishes Fielding Burke, at least from her fellow Southern writers, is her kindliness of heart. She cannot see her townspeople and country folk as puppets of poverty, racial hatred, and lust. She sees positive forces at work among them, and she believes they are moulding new destiny out of their very poverty and defeat. This faith is summed up in the heroic character of Ishma Hensley, farmer's wife and strike leader.

The story of Ishma's mountain girlhood and marriage was told in Miss Burke's first novel, "Call Home the Heart." In the earlier work the emphasis was on Ishma as a mountain woman, with only a brief sojourn in the city to show her identification with industrial revolt. In "A Stone Came Rolling," Ishma's love of nature and her love for her fellowmen have merged. Hers is the sensitive poet-consciousness through which the author speaks. Hers also is the character, blending courage with gentleness, which most redeems from hopelessness the scene of strife and suffering in which she lives.

Fielding Burke, who has written for many years under the name of Olive Dargan, is native from way back. Her picture of a civilization and a social order is accurate and convincing; the reader has no difficulty in living the big textile strike, the Fourth of July barbecue, or the day-to-day farm existence. It is not so easy to realize the characters as human beings. Miss Burke can make us like or dislike people, but with a few exceptions she does not make us see them. However, except for such fuzzy characterization, and a certain lack of structure to the book as a whole, she has lived up to the high promise of her first novel. It is to be hoped that its chronicle will be carried further in another novel.

THIS BODY THE EARTH. By Paul Green. New York: Harper & Bros. 1935. $2.50.

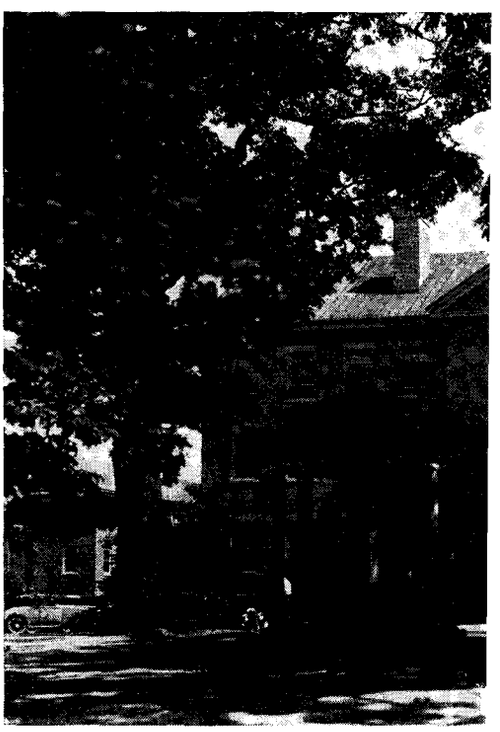
Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE difference between proletarian literature and literature about the proletariat is excellently illustrated by Paul Green's novel about the tenant farmer. The story of Alvin Barnes, grimly ambitious and doomed to failure, might have been written in a mood of blazing indignation at the injustices prevalent in the social system, when the result would have been something like the novels of Mr. Upton Sinclair, in which one respects the honesty of the author's wrath, and wishes that his anger did not continually betray the integrity of the artist. Mr. Green, however, has conceived his story in terms of the human spirit, and with the exception of a few scenes (among them a bitter picture of a Carolina chain-gang) has built his work around the ancient conception of a tragic flaw. Alvin Barnes is grimly ambitious, but his ambition is wholly for himself.

Mr. Green's plays have continually threatened to turn into novels; his novel now profits from his experience with plays. The action is confined to a limited area around Little Bethel; the persons, numerous though they are, are drawn from a single social unit; and the action of the story is the slow rise and tragic fall of the principal character. Stubborn, uncommunicative, tenacious, Barnes clings grimly to his theory of work, only to marry the wrong woman and miss the right one, and then, incapable of understanding any nature other than his own, loses all his gains in a wild fit of anger, and is thrust back into the social class from which he has struggled to emerge. In one sense, the tale is the old story: slow rises worth by poverty oppressed. In another sense, the tale is an equally old story: he that findeth his life shall lose it. The Biblical simplicity of the book forces one back to consider Biblical wisdom.

The tenant farmer has appeared in other novels about the South, but never before in a work of such integrity. Others have carefully and conscientiously observed this life; Mr. Green has lived in it. The land, the people, the conversation, the point of view are all of one piece. There is a vast, brooding poetry in this book of poverty and struggle and disgrace. The political economy of the story, like the political economy of its characters, is of the simplest and most rudimentary sort. Cotton-picking, tobacco-growing, mules, the labor of women in the fields, the bare furnishings of the houses and the bare furnishings of men's souls in such a life—we have had pictures of these things before, but never with such simplicity of acceptance, such fits of elemental anger. In this book it is not individual scenes—though some of these are drawn with great power—but the total impression that counts. If you cut this book, it will bleed. Towards the end, it is true, there is a falling off, as if the vast weariness which overcomes Alvin had also overcome the author. For men caught in the trap which the conditions of life have set for them, there seems to be no hope—except in the primal verities of pity and kindness and love. The handling in the last quarter of the book seems a little uncertain, as if the author, having broken his hero's spirit, scarcely knew what to do next. The pictures of the local bankers pass from reality into grotesque marionettes, caricatures of forces which Green thoroughly hates. The chain-gang scenes are, as I have said, out of key with the low relief of the rest of the work. But once more the slow, compulsive force of the narrative sets in, slowly swallowing up the hopes and ambitions of Barnes as it had slowly moved him from point to point in the long curve of his laborious existence. The earth closes over him, and the system of share-cropping goes on. "And when the first night-fall lamp was lighted in the big house on the hill, she rose and went on across the fields towards the great friendly oak that stood up muffled and dark against the stars."

Howard Mumford Jones, professor of English at the University of Michigan since 1930, formerly taught Comparative Literature and English at the Universities of Texas and North Carolina. He is the author of a number of books, among which are "America and French Culture" and "The Life of Moses Coit Tyler."



THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CA

Fielding Burke (Olive Tilford Dargan), Paul G these pages, all hold degrees

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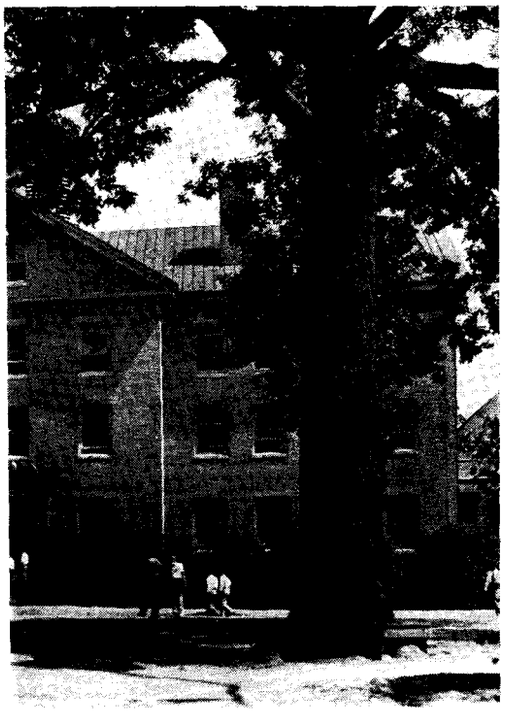
Thomas Wolfe's Short Stories

THOMAS WOLFE, FROM DEATH TO MORNING. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

I THINK it is Chesterton who remarks there is no such thing as a Dickens novel, but only a series of segments cut off from that vast and flowing thing which is Dickens. "From Death to Morning" is a collection of fourteen segments cut off from that vast and flowing thing which is Thomas Wolfe. The fourteenth of these, "The Web of Earth," is a large fragment from the Gant saga; the others are mainly remembrances of Mr. Wolfe's life in North Carolina, New York, Europe, or wherever his spirit has carried him. I suppose the collection is best described as a group of sketches, for none of them rises into a full-bodied short story, and only one of them, "The Men of Old Catawba," sinks into the more passive condition of the essay. But as in Mr. Wolfe's novels form cracks and dissolves in the current of emotional life, so in these sketches the ordinary canons of form disintegrate.

Mr. Wolfe has not increased his resources. The characteristic combination of brooding emotion and graphic brutality, of poetry *à la* Whitman and realism *à la* Zola which we have learned to expect of him, again appears. In certain cases the being confined to shorter space (I cannot call it form) improves the unity of impression, but Mr. Wolfe is uncertain, and often wilfully violates the simplest principles of construction. "The Four Lost Men," for example, begins as a prose rhapsody about a young man in war-time, continues as a realistic transcript of the elder Gant's conversation regarding presidential elections, and concludes as a Wolfian prose-poem about life, death, war, and time. The graphic and painful "Death the Proud Brother" describes four deaths which the author has witnessed in New York, and has, in this sense, unity, but there is neither rhyme nor reason in the proportioning of space among its fifty-five pages.



SOUTH BUILDING, BUILT IN 1798
Thomas Wolfe, whose latest books are reviewed University of North Carolina.

Admirers of Mr. Wolfe say these things do not matter, and they are encouraged in their indiscriminate adulation by the excitement of the reviewers, who have exhausted language in praising this writer. Mr. Wolfe has power, passion, a singular fearlessness, the ability to create individual scenes of brilliant truth, a genius for lyrical prose unequalled in contemporary letters, insight into certain types of characters and problems. But Mr. Wolfe the artist has advanced scarcely a step beyond "Look Homeward, Angel." He is full of self-pity. If he is a genius, he is still an adolescent genius. His universe is utterly or mainly subjective, and the result is a transcript of experience curiously true in some particulars, curiously false in others.

Take, for example, Mr. Wolfe's heroines. No one seems to have remarked the incredibly naive formula on which they are constructed. Most of them resemble the heroine of "Dark in the Forest" in the present volume, voluptuous and beautiful. This one is "a miracle of loveliness," of "a superb and queenly height," a "lovely figure" which "seemed never to have lost the lithe slenderness of girlhood" and is yet "undulant with all the voluptuous maturity of womanhood." Mark the clichés. When we meet this woman in Ouida or Bulwer-Lytton, we smile at this falsity. Not so Mr. Wolfe. The thought of this wonderful creature stimulates the flow of his adjectives. She has "a vague, voluptuous smile." When she speaks, it is "eagerly, earnestly, gleefully," and her laugh is "welling low, rich, sensual, and tender." There are in his endless pages only two sorts of females—the houri and the shrew.

This simple antithesis is characteristic of the universe he creates. He sees only elemental distinctions. Life is either vast, noble, brooding, and lyric, or it is sordid and mean. Men are either demigods or cowards. He is forever in extremes, and that between the extremes there is a place for rational human life he does not seem to suspect. In fact, he has no place for reason. It may be true, as Mr. Canby says, that Mr. Wolfe "has more material, more vitality, more originality, more gusto" than any two other novelists, but this vitality, this gusto swing like a pendulum from heaven to hell, from rapture to disgust. He is the most restless of writers. His characters are forever making Gargantuan journeys over the face of the world or else sulking in one place, timid, bitter, beaten, and without will. One's first contact with this powerful spirit is like an electric shock, but after a series of such shocks the mind grows fatigued, attention wanders, and one begins to suspect that if there is something Homeric in Mr. Wolfe, there is also in him the shoddy violence of Jack London.

The American novel needs what Mr. Wolfe has to bring to it—curiosity, beauty, emotional energy—and I do not in the least mean that Mr. Wolfe is not an important writer. It is, however, precisely because he has done so well that it is essential for him to do more; and if the next portions of the Gant saga simply repeat the formula he has established, Mr. Wolfe is doomed to sink into repetitiousness. The present collection has its brilliant moments, but the total effect of the book is to make one uneasy about Mr. Wolfe's future development as an artist.

Mountain School

SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE FOOTHILLS. By Ella Enslow and Alvin F. Harlow. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by MARISTAN CHAPMAN

THIS is the story of a woman school teacher's experiences in a Southern mountain cove. The author gave her services (at fifty dollars a month, reduced from sixty dollars) for five years to the mountain people. In her book Miss Enslow tells all, including a great deal of inutile fact about the author's self. The story reads like the excited report of a young, earnest missionary, home for first furlough and going over all the adventures. With tedious self-glorification, the recital repeats itself like a decimal, and from the recurrence of such words as "quaint" and "bizarre" we judge that her own fantastic conception of what goes on in native minds is set down by this author as "their" philosophy.

From this misconception onward a horrid possessiveness pervades the book. Ignoring the recent courtesy and reticence usually accorded among friends admitted to intimacy, Miss Enslow pleads for "her" people, broadcasting her achievements—which doubtless were notable—in the matter of clothing, culture, and tonsillectomies. Perhaps Mr. Harlow, the actual writer of the experiences "as told" by the school teacher, was carried away by the contagion of excited discovery. At any rate a different approach would have enabled the reader to appreciate the worth of the schoolteacher's services, while avoiding the weariness of the first person narrative.

Maristan Chapman, now a resident of Florida, for many years lived among the mountain people of Tennessee. It was of them she wrote her "The Happy Valley" and other works.

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A Champion of Lost Causes

(*Continued from page 4*)

forty years to Junior Psychology at Williams College. There we sat, seventy young men, most of us eager-minded, listening to formulations of the neatest sort that seemed to us to have nothing whatever to do either with our own minds or with any minds we knew. Possibly it all might have something to do with that eminently inscrutable mind which was a professor's. Those of us who within a few years were reading "The Principles" never doubted that our own minds were deeply involved in the discussion, nor that the mind of the author was throbbingly akin to our own.

In preparation for over fifteen years, many chapters published in magazines and discussed, "Principles of Psychology" showed few traces of that impatience, looseness of terminology, emotional *parti pris* which were to characterize William James's later and more popular books. It leaves an impression of graceful massiveness, as if the author had transcended himself, for massiveness is the last impression one usually gets from him.

The future development of William James's thinking was clearly forecast in "Principles of Psychology." Its temper is pluralistic; it multiplies distinctions, is at no pains to unify them, challenges all the established syntheses. It is already pragmatic in that it concentrates on will and resultant deed. It evinces a tenderness for the supernatural, tends to admit personal need of a God and immortality as a kind of warrant for faith therein. It entertains that possibility of a world soul in occult but genuine touch with all human consciousness which underlies all William James's later religious thinking.

A certain joyous irresponsibility not to say occasional intrusive flippancy in the later and more popular books may be laid in part to the author's Irish mercuriality and even more to the fact that these books were lectures printed as delivered.

But the urgent tenderness of the essays in the "Will to Believe" singularly met the temper and need of the moment. Thinking people everywhere were slipping painfully out of the security of their traditional faiths. They were in distress, and William James came gallantly to their refuge, asserting the respectability of their residual faith and offering it objects small enough to be kept comfortably in the smallest religious scrip.

"Varieties of Religious Experience" was written during a long and dreary convalescence from heart strain. Of this background it shows surprisingly few traces. On its face the book is an extraordinary collection of cases, drawn so far as possible from autobiography of religious seers and mystics. Religion is considered not in its social, but in its individual aspects. This choice seriously narrowed the scope of the book to Christian experience, since there is little confessional material outside of Christianity. The cases, as the author admits, are chiefly instances in morbid psychology. These, as extreme, seemed possibly the most instructive.

The new hypothesis, very brilliantly maintained and I feel proved, was that the vehicle of religious experience is the subconsciousness. William James conceived it as potentially in communication with all consciousness, human or divine. The embarrassment of resting religion on the subconsciousness, as the author honestly conceded, is that through the same conduit come delusion and madness. To a medieval schoolman this would have presented no difficulties, for he could fall back, as William James could not, on a channel available under appropriate circumstances to either God or Satan.

In conducting this parade of God-intoxicated mortals the author was free to indulge to the limit that inclination towards "queerness" which his brother Henry had early remarked. In general William James merely reinforces and amplifies the old probabilism of Paley with a new psychology and a vast citation of concrete cases. Containing much of his best writing, for his heart was deeply engaged in the matter, the book also has odd lapses, doubtless due to impatience and ill health, and it indulges even more egregiously than its predecessor in that whittling away process which I have already deprecated.

"Pragmatism, a New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking" went up in 1907 with the coruscating effect of a rocket, and it has stayed up pretty well. As I look over my first edition, I am amazed at the profusion of indignant side-notes with which I adorned the margins. It irritated me frightfully. It no longer irritates me. I see now that everybody who has really matured acts pragmatically—weighs theories and attitudes by their "cash value," by the satisfactions they produce in action. Horace knew this, and so did Chaucer and Montaigne, to cite only a few out of a multitude of pragmatic witnesses. I can now admit that if this be the measure of the value of attitudes, it may reasonably be regarded as the only truth which can safely be asserted of them, though personally I should prefer to "truth" such words as "availability" or "acceptableness." Again I no longer quarrel with a general license to believe anything, religiously or otherwise, which in the long run makes for more satisfactory living. I see that in pragmatism we merely had to do with a wholesome revival of Rabelais's *fais ce-que tu vouldras*, it being posited that *tu* was of gentle breeding and of sweet and moderate temper. So far I am a convert, and expressly repudiate most of the marginal defacements in my first edition.

Remain however certain dubitations, largely of a verbal order: may we identify a going rule-of-thumb morality with philosophy? The Greeks would not have quarreled with this marriage, but I think modern philosophy must. Certainly pragmatism is no enveloping *scientia scientiarum*, and I burn incense to the Irish strain in William James when I insist that if pragmatism be a philosophy, then there is none. I feel too that a fuller scrutiny of satisfactions was in order—what satisfactions? whose? Dr. François Rabelais was clear on this essential matter, while Dr. William James was not. The morality of the Abbaye de Thélème was frankly aristocratic, but William James's was by predilection democratic. As regards the metaphysical type of philosopher, William James was too much in the position of that great Christian doctor who "preferred to err with the human race," implying that those who would not bear him company in error were infra-human. Such was William James's attitude towards the irreligious person and towards the philosopher who sought a logically tight system. This exclusion was eminently unscientific, for both the godless person and the metaphysician are within humanity—if unworthily so—and must be reckoned with positively.

In short I am sure that a world which followed William James's habit of scorning metaphysics and his counsel of committing the tight systems to the scrap heap would be a much cheaper world than that which we actually inhabit. For me, frankly, metaphysics is merely the noblest of indoor sports. I do not expect therefrom any ultimate explanation of the universe, yet I feel in philosophic contemplation a fining and sharpening of the spirit—an ultimate availability even on the practical side. I feel that he who has not at some time indulged the vision of a unified and orderly universe has missed one of the highest human experiences. While I would encourage every one to live pragmatically, I would also urge him now and then to think philosophically.

I fear the kit-cat portrait which I intended is sorely overpainted, yet I hope that something of the true picture has transpired. William James to me is simply the subtlest and finest example of Victorian humanitarianism fully liberated. Its inhibitions, reasonable or unreasonable, he had arbitrarily discarded or simply lived down. Its optimistic meliorism he had accepted without the usual tinge of doubt or sense of possible frustration. Its compassionateness, its high faith in the individual he fully shared. And he was Victorian also in putting behind all this some sort of a warm and nebulous Deity, not a monarch, but an inspirer and consoler. He was the most delightful and sympathetic of "tough-minded" (his own word) thinkers, and for him tough-minded thinking meant a capacity to indulge whatever wishful thinking life, as he saw it, might require. Hardly one of the greatest figures of his time, he was unquestionably one of the most representative and refreshing.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., is a professor emeritus of Princeton University.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE most interesting new poetry happens to be in the form of a play and is by *W. H. Auden* and *Christopher Isherwood,* entitled "The Dog Beneath the Skin, or, Where is Francis?" (Random House). A young friend of mine reports that on telling this title to a feminine friend of *his,* the young lady nearly fell from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus with laughter. That is natural, and parts of the play are hilarious. Act Two, Scene I, in the Westland lunatic asylum contains some magnificent satire on Hitlerism. The play is interspersed with choruses which, while probably impractical for the stage, make good reading and contain a good deal of nobility and beauty. The play runs the gamut, in fact, from poetry to pure farce. The long soliloquies at the end are certainly bad playwriting, but the book is, I think, chiefly to be read—not to be regarded as something actually to be seen on the stage. I am quite aware that, while saying this, plans are going forward to produce the play simultaneously both in New York and in London before the Christmas holidays, and that may turn out to be a fine experiment. At least it will introduce to the stereotyped Broadway theatre a little new life and meaning. I have an idea that any structural merits of the play are due to Mr. Isherwood, while Mr. Auden, of course, supplied the most poetic and some of the most satiric moments. The theme of the play is presumably the search for a lost boy squire of a rural hamlet, but the present state of the world, the possibility of fascism in England, and what might be called, to paraphrase Shelley, "the necessity for communism," play their veiled and symbolic parts in the unfolding fantasy. Satisfactory fantasy, especially as symbolic as this, is particularly hard to write, and I cannot say that I think "The Dog Beneath the Skin" is wholly successful, even in its satire. There are dull passages. There are some very British moments. The structure groans and creaks. But in spite of this the poem-play has one very considerable virtue to me—it is interesting to read.

It is also intelligible—for Mr. Auden has formerly, at least in my own opinion, been often unnecessarily cryptic. But there is no gainsaying the fact that his mind is teeming with ideas and that he has force and originality. If, on the other hand, you wish something choice in style, a little book full of the most original sort of poetic mockery—not without its serious moments—I have been much taken by *Ruth Pitter's* "A Mad Lady's Garland" (Macmillan). It is a bit overweighted with a preface by *Hilaire Belloc* and an introduction by *John Masefield,* but these gentlemen are certainly not mistaken concerning the quality of the work. This young Englishwoman, as Masefield says, has "a delicate ear for the choicer cadences of English verse," and she can parody even *Langland's* "Piers Plowman" delightfully. She can also do such entirely modern and impressionistic things as "Farewell to Beauty" and "Digdog," the latter now being one of my favorite contemporary poems. I can only urge you at once to make the acquaintance of her virtuous female spider, her birds of the poets, her kitten in the eclogue, her heretical caterpillar, church mouse, and performing flea. And, of course, in the lighter vein, but still in the realm of poetry (and certainly of art: *vide* the inimitable illustrations by the author!) you should not miss *Peggy Bacon's* new volume, "Cat-Calls" (Robert M. McBride). She is not merely being sarcastic in this book, though she sees right through people, particularly those of her own sex. Her

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TWO KNOCKS FOR DEATH *Wallace Jackson* (Hopkins: $2.)	Criminal "Order of Knockers" joined by ex-convict Cally whose energy embarrassed the master-minds.	A good robbery scene, an exciting chase, much highfalutin' talk, and "surprise" climax which fails.	So-So
THE HEX MURDER *Forrester Hazard* (Lippincott: $2.)	Gory slaughter of light lady in N. Y. leads reporter Pete Adams to hex-ridden Penna. farm and solution.	Denouement clouded by none too dexterous guilt-switching but dialog, incident, and pow-wow magic are well handled.	Shuddery
THE PRIVATE PAVILION *James G. Edwards, M.D.* (Crime Club: $2.)	Desprit killer induces 2 murders in hospital and commits a third, driving suspected Doc and police inspector frantic.	If most of confused yarn was as diabolically clever as method of two killings it would stand up better.	In-and-outer

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summaries are, as usual, concise and her use of short rhymed lines deft and flexible. But there are also her moments of sympathetic musing. Even the more obvious comments are clever, but others have delicate implications which widen away like ripples from a pebble, in this case adroitly cast. Read her "Identity" and you will see what I mean. Meanwhile plenty of people of one's acquaintance are among her neatly mounted specimens, and her drawings are as remarkable as ever.

Scribner has made a most attractive book of *David McCord's* "Bay Window Ballads," the illustrative drawings being by *John Lavalle,* the well-known portrait-painter. To *Saturday Review* readers Mr. McCord hardly needs an introduction. He has made a reputation for himself both as poet and light versifier, and here is the best of his light verse of the last twelve years. Included is his "Oxford Nearly Visited," which was previously published by itself. The book is dedicated familiarly to *Professor Copeland* of Harvard. In his "Sonnets to Baedeker," his parody of *Jesse Stuart,* and his fine poem on fish, "Young Tropicals," Mr. McCord is entirely successful, as he is in other selected poems. His Indian poems are quite funny, and dull women trying to achieve culture have inspired in him some amusing mimicry. On the other hand his "Kitchen Cantos" seem to me pretty bad, except for one that reminds me too much of *A. P. Herbert.* Undoubtedly though, both in agility with rhyme and amusing fancy, Mr. McCord is an acquisition to the ranks of light versifiers. His definition of perspective is perfect, in a quatrain; and his warble on *Auden* and *Spender* deserved its popularity. Sometimes he seems to me to try a little too hard; but he can also achieve careless felicities that make you chuckle.

I can no more than mention two anthologies, but can recommend both. The more important is edited by Ann Winslow and contains the work of over thirty beginning poets with criticisms of them by writers as well-known as *Louis Untermeyer, Stephen Vincent Benét, Anna Hempstead Branch, Babette Deutch, John Gould Fletcher,* etc. The book's name is "Trial Balances" (Macmillan). Remember that at the age of twenty-five Keats had written all his poems. Young poets are important. This is a fine survey of our youngest.

Edwin Markham's large anthology, "Poetry of Youth," is designed *for* young people. A great deal in it has been included in numerous other anthologies.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 87)

LORD BYRON—
"THE PROPHECY OF DANTE"

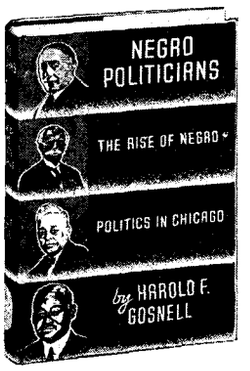
That destiny austere, and yet serene,
Were prouder than more dazzling fame unblessed;
The Alps' snow summit nearer heaven is seen
Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest
Whose splendor from the black abyss is flung.

Nature and Sentiment

ADVENTURES IN GREEN PLACES. By Herbert Ravenel Sass. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. $3.50.

IT is a pleasure to leaf through this book since at brief intervals one finds the prints made from the exquisite water colors of the swamps and birds of the Carolina low countries painted by Alice R. Huger Smith. It is a pleasant book to read too, for it is a collection of agreeable essays upon the life wild and human of this low country, with a reminiscent background of old plantation experience in the rice countries. This is nature literature of a kind which has always been liked in America, since Crèvecoeur and Audubon began it. Mr. Sass is as rich in sentiment as either of his predecessors, and a good observer. The fault with the sentiment school of nature writers to which he very definitely belongs is precisely that most of its practitioners either do not observe well or in their efforts to be striking let their imagination run far beyond their observations. In spite of some rather tall stories, one can trust Sass here. His book would have been better if some of the rhetoric had been drained out of it before publication, and yet there is something in his low country which asks for rhetoric and invites sentiment. If you like this sort of thing you will heartily enjoy this book, even though deer and pine and egret and diamond-back rattler and darky repeat themselves in a pattern that grows familiar. But if you haven't been in the low countries, look at the pictures before reading. They suggest the atmosphere which Mr. Sass is trying to reproduce.

Winner of the John Anisfield Award as the best book in the field of racial relations



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A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

BEFORE THE FACT. By Francis Iles. *Crime Club.*

EARTH HORIZON. By Mary Austin. *Houghton Mifflin.*

THE ROMAN WAY. By Edith Hamilton. *Norton.*

Social Insurance, Strikes, etc.

F. E. F. of Durant, Oklahoma, *asks for books suitable for high school pupils on Social Insurance, Stability and Money, Banking and Currency, Munitions and Strikes.*

SINCE the whole question of social insurance is still a matter of debate in this country and that of finance bids pause even to the bankers themselves, I enter upon my reply to the first three of F.E.F.'s categories with doubt and timidity. The book on social insurance which I think most likely to engage the interest of young people (though it is written for those whose concern with the matter is of mature nature) is Abraham Epstein's INSECURITY—A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA (Smith & Haas). This is a comprehensive study of conditions in the United States together with a survey of the practical working of social insurance in foreign lands. It takes up and discusses the problems of workmen's compensation, old age insurance, sick benefits, etc., in this country and advances suggestions as to how to meet them. Mr. Epstein favors compulsory insurance. As to the books on financial matters, a readable text that has proved popular enough to go through several editions is John T. Holloworth's MONEY AND BANKING (Appleton-Century). WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT MONEY (Knopf), a compendium edited by the English economist, G. D. H. Cole, presents chapters by a variety of authorities on various phases of its subject, all of them written for the intelligent layman and couched in untechnical language. A third book which might prove useful is Marcus A. Rose's A PRIMER OF MONEY (Whittlesey House), a manual also intended for the uninitiate and written in clear fashion.

Three works appeared last year any or all of which should prove interesting reading for high school students interested in the important matter of the manufacture of, and trade in, munitions. They are especially timely now when the Italo-Ethiopian War is in progress. The first of these is really no more than a pamphlet which thus makes available in inexpensive form the article which, when it appeared in *Fortune* magazine under the title ARMS AND THE MEN (pamphlet, Doubleday, Doran), aroused widespread comment. The others are full-length books both of them covering much the same ground—and a bloody ground it is—MERCHANTS OF DEATH (Dodd, Mead), by H. C. Englebrecht and F. C. Hanighen, and IRON, BLOOD AND PROFITS (Harpers), by George Seldes. As to strikes, there has just appeared a book entitled I BREAK STRIKES—THE TECHNIQUE OF PEARL L. BERGOFF (McBride), by Edward Levinson, which is a documented record of strike-breaking in America, full of matter that will fall in with the contentions of those who believe that the weight of government falls against the strikebreaker. Louis Adamic's DYNAMITE (Viking) is another account of class violence in America. For a personal and picturesque portrayal of the stress of a strike Lauren Gilfillan's I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE (Viking) yields interesting reading. Miss Gilfillan, a university graduate, went to live in a Pennsylvania mining town and shared the experiences of its laboring population. Her book is a vivid depiction of life under pressure of work and distress, with many vignettes of persons and experience.

I cannot find the volume concerning the publisher of which F. E. F. makes inquiry entitled LABOR PROBLEMS, but there is a book by a writer of its author's name, Yoder, called LABOR ATTITUDES IN IOWA, issued by the University of Iowa Press. I wonder if this is not the volume F. E. F. had in mind.

Margaret Kennedy

F. C. of Hopkinsville, Ky., *wants information about Margaret Kennedy and her standing as a writer, and also asks who is the publisher of her play, "Escape Me Never," recently produced on Broadway.*

ESCAPE ME NEVER was recently published by Doubleday, Doran. (Incidentally, that was the title used earlier by another Englishwoman, Mrs. Gladys Skelton, who writes under the pseudonym of John Presland, for a story of post-war love, sorrow, and tragedy.) F. C. will find an interesting account of Miss Kennedy's life and career in LIVING AUTHORS (Wilson), and a factual outline in the English WHO'S WHO. Miss Kennedy first came into wide prominence in this country with her THE CONSTANT NYMPH (Doubleday, Doran), a novel which was hailed by the critics of both England and America as the work of a fresh and original talent. Nothing that has succeeded it has equalled it in quality or had the tang of that work.

Richard de Bury

Apropos of the recent inquiry about critical works on Richard de Bury, Howard R. Patch of Smith College, writes: "I have a curious item in my possession that should have importance for your correspondent. It is a brief collection of short essays on Richard in a volume published by the 'De Burians of Bangor, Maine,' for private distribution. My copy is dated 1902. Perhaps there are further numbers in the series. In this case the editor was 'Samuel Lane Boardman.'"

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The New Books

Biography

BEAUMARCHAIS: ADVENTURER IN THE CENTURY OF WOMEN. By Paul Frischauer. Viking. 1935. $3.50.

With its catchpenny subtitle this is obviously another of the many current efforts to provide readers with ready-made, hand-me-down biographies, that is to say, lives of well-known figures of whom there already exist several competent biographies. Mr. Frischauer offers the usual fragmentary bibliography, from which are omitted a number of those works by his predecessors which those interested in Beaumarchais would naturally expect to find. His own compatriot, A. Bettelheim, for example, whose book is listed, wrote a life which is as good as, if not better than this, but it antedated the vogue for such literature and is neglected. It may be said that, for persons unacquainted with the career of Beaumarchais, Mr. Frischauer covers the familiar ground adequately, and that it was a career which lends itself to good narrative. For popular consumption by the uninitiated, however, the Beaumarchais of Louis Latzarus, published in a popular French series five years ago, makes more lively reading and fulfils completely the purpose of these biographies, which are superfluous to students and specialists, and are obviously offered as entertainment for the general reader.

E. B.

Juvenile

MARY POPPINS COMES BACK. By P. L. TRAVERS. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1935. $1.50.

This reviewer is desolated to say that he doesn't think this sequel to the fascinating first Mary Poppins book is quite as good as the original. Somehow—or are we completely spoiled?—a slightly labored quality is apparent. Some of the episodes are superb, others seem to drag. Nevertheless, though the "first fine careless rapture" has not been completely recaptured, the character Miss Travers has created still remains one of the most outstanding in children's fiction. You can't afford not to encounter the new Banks baby for one thing or not to learn how Mary Poppins spent her evening out!

W. R. B.

Miscellaneous

YOUTH UNCHARTED. By Stephen Lawford. Macmillan. 1935. $2.50.

Stephen Lawford's charming autobiography will go far to modify the current notion that war is completely unromantic. An irresistible chronicle of military and diplomatic adventure since 1914, in wartime and post-war turmoil, "Youth Uncharted" is a book of priceless memories viewed in clear retrospect and told with sparkling humor.

Youth is its keynote. Mr. Lawford joined the colors as a very young man, a bespectacled British schoolboy who won his right to enlist by challenging on the field of tennis the military doctor who had turned him down for the service.

Cycling away to a West Country mobilization camp, he was off at the age of seventeen on an international career of steadily mounting distinction. Squad-corporal in India and El Yaman, he "stopped one" on the desert near Aden and was invalided home. November 11, 1918, found him at Oxford, in training for a commission, and left him one of the unemployed. Count Asala, commercial ambassador of the White Russian Army, was the colorful djinn who took him, as private secretary, to South Russia, where the advancing Reds slowly drove the White Army into the sea.

Fantastic chaos reigned, and Mr. Lawford left Novorossisk as supercargo of the *Lucy and Zoya*, a Black Sea schooner laden with export goods and an astonishing cargo of passengers. A British naval tug, lent by Admiral Seymour, had the

(*Continued on page* 21)

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Systematic Bibliography

THE BEGINNINGS OF SYSTEMATIC BIBLIOGRAPHY. By Theodore Besterman. (Oxford Bibliographical Series, III.) London: H. Milford. 1935. New York: Oxford University Press. $7.

SYSTEMATIC bibliography has been termed the enumeration and classification of books, while the comparative and historical study of their minutiæ becomes critical bibliography. The former is the older method, and Mr. Besterman's volume in the fine series issued by the Oxford University Press is devoted to a historical account of the beginnings of systematic listing of books down through the seventeenth century. Beginning with Galen in the second century, the gradual development of book lists is shown by the story of successive classifications as well as by reproductions of notable examples. The earliest printed bibliographies are listed and tabulated to show the intellectual interests of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Johann Tritheim, "father of bibliography," whose *Liber de scriptoribus ecclesiasticis* was printed by Auerbach in 1494, receives full attention, as do the earliest medical and legal bibliographers, Conrad Gessner, Andrew Maunsell, Cornelis a Beughem, and others.

A list of forty-eight bibliographies printed to the end of the sixteenth century and a full index complete the volume. It is generously printed, like all the books in this series; workers in both schools of bibliography will find the book informing as a running history of the growth of books and increasing skill in listing and describing them.

Modern American Presses

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MODERN AMERICAN PRESSES. Compiled and Edited by Irvin Haas. Chicago: Black Cat Press. 1935. $3.50.

This volume is supplementary to Mr. Will Ransom's "Private Presses and Their Books," issued in 1929, and Mr. Ransom contributes an Introduction to the new book. It contains brief information about, and chronological lists of books issued by forty-four presses, none of which is contained in Mr. Ransom's book. It does not attempt to bring the former lists up to date, but merely to list presses not included in the former.

That so many private or semi-private presses (for it is difficult to know where to draw the line between the private press and the public one) should have been started in the lean years since 1929 is interesting; but more so is the wholesome tendency on the part of private presses to devote their energies to the preservation of local historical and literary material. The end is sometimes obscured by the very small editions printed, but such publishing seems to me to quite justify itself.

The book is issued as a thin octavo by the Black Cat Press, itself represented in the volume by an extensive and interesting list. There are several minor errors (such as "Hawthorne" House for "Hawthorn"—an error of some weeks back in this column, for which we have been taken to task!), and the addition of publication prices would have added to the usefulness of the book. But it is a valuable work of reference in a field where late information is very difficult to come by, well worth doing.

Colophon New Series

In the summer came the first number of the new series of *The Colophon* which had been eagerly awaited by its old friends—and yet with some dubiety. These doubts have been set at rest: It isn't so different as it might be; the size is an improvement, but the contents preserve the same variety of subject and treatment as before, and the list of contributors is equally distinguished. The printing is better; the variety of typography, which at first in the former series was a novelty, but became somewhat annoying, and the uniform type style of the current issue is a relief. Mr. Dwiggins's new *Electra* type is used, and composes extremely well on the page. The inclined roman which is made to do duty for italic is not so successful in that position. It is really a good letter, but it isn't sufficiently differentiated from the vertical letters to do the work which italic is customarily used for. The roman letters are lithe and smart, avoid eccentricities, and are well fitted. It is a real addition to existing fonts, its historic antecedents successfully fused with Mr. Dwiggins's calligraphic style.

The number opens with an appreciation of the late Burton Emmett by Sherwood Anderson. Successive papers deal with such diverse characters as Melville, Stephen C. Foster, Scott, Dumas, George Eliot, "Monk" Lewis, Longfellow, and Ernest Hemingway—truly a mixed grill—while articles on America's First Bible and on Some Recent Books About Paper give a bibliographical touch to what is somewhat preponderantly personal in many of the other contributions. A section of advertisements adds a chaser to the book which will be appreciated by those who have been trained by our magazines never to take their literary amusement straight.

The first twenty volumes of the *Colophon* contain a wealth of entertaining literary matter, and the new series will apparently continue to follow closely enough in the ways of the old to keep the old friends and make many new.

"The Signature"

Announcement is made of the publication in November of a new English publication on typography and graphic Arts under the above name, to be edited by Oliver Simon, who edited the first four numbers of the *Fleuron*.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 19)

tow-line; Allied and Bolshevik shells were criss-crossing overhead.

Traveling back to England by way of the new, tempestuous republics along the Caspian, out he went again in a really important Foreign Office job, that of Refugee Commissioner in the Balkans. Transplanting whole populations proved an arduous, delicate, always poignantly human undertaking. It was at Sofia, under swords and to the massed chanting of the Don Cossacks, that he married the Russian girl whose family he had helped to avoid the Red Army. From Constantinople, refugee work took him to the Bolivian wilds, where the job of investigating a shaky colonization scheme nearly brought him to the end of his trail by the silent headwaters of the Paraguay. Finally came the League of Nations post he now holds at Geneva—"an interesting haven of routine security" at last.

They were stimulating times, those uncharted years that Mr. Lawford, only now rounding into middle age, has set down in this intimate chronicle.

W. D.

THE LEICA MANUAL. By Williard D. Morgan, Henry M. Lester, and others. New York: Morgan & Lester. 1935. $4.

This Manual should be a joy to amateur photographers who possess cameras of vest pocket size and smaller, and of particular help to those who photograph with the Leica camera. It contains not only chapters about the manipulation of the camera, including the developing and finishing of pictures, but also information about its use in scientific fields, such as medicine, astronomy, and microscopy, where larger cameras are difficult to manipulate.

It is amazing what can be done with the small camera. Not only has it made it possible to photograph with adverse light conditions, but it has opened new fields in photography, such as "candid" pictures. The miniature camera is exerting a constantly increasing influence upon the style of professional camera work.

We know from our own experience with the miniature camera that one can get an absolute naturalness which it is impossible to achieve with the large camera. The page of "candid" pictures appearing monthly in this magazine is an example of this.

R. D.

Brief Mention

At this time of the year *Brief Mention* must necessarily contain many books which we should like to review at liberal length. There is a limit to what a literary weekly can contain. Among these are Norman Lewis's *Spanish Adventure* (Holt, $3), a charming account of a canoe trip through Navarre and down into Andalusia. * * * Also Elizabeth Selden's *The Dancer's Quest* (University of California Press, $6), an essay on the esthetic of the contemporary dance with illustrations and particularly effective diagrams. It is a book for the professional and amateur rather than for the general reader. * * * There are two useful little books in astronomy, *Handbook of the Heavens* (Whittlesey House, $1), which is a simple introduction to the study of the stars with many maps, and Henry Norris Russell's *The Solar System and Its Origin* (Macmillan, $2). * * * Several books in the history and criticism of literature we would particularly like to give more attention to. One of these is Orie W. Long's *Literary Pioneers* (Harvard University Press, $3), studies of Motley, Longfellow, Bancroft, Cogswell, Ticknor, and Everett. Another is Albert Guerard's *Literature and Society* (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $3), a series of essays particularly in the environment of literature. Still another is A. A. Roback's biography of "the greatest literary figure in modern Jewry," *I. L. Peretz: Psychologist of Literature* (Sci-Art Publishers, Cambridge, Mass.) We should note also *Mark Twain: Wit and Wisdom,* edited by Cyril Clemens (Stokes, $1.75), a collection of anecdotes about Mark Twain and sayings of his, many of which are fresh and some of which are excellent. And finally H. G. Chatfield-Taylor's *Charmed Circles* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), "a pageant of the ages from Aspasia's day to ours" which deals with the various moods, circles, and influences of the great periods of cultivated society. * * *

There are two books on the movie, *The Content of Motion Pictures* by Edgar Dale (Macmillan, $2.50), a report of research, and *The Modern Goliath,* by Milton Anderson (David Press, Los Angeles, $1.50), a study of talking pictures for schools and churches. * * * Among biographies one finds I. H. Denison's *Mark Hopkins,* that college president who has so often been spoken of as a model (Scribner's, $3).

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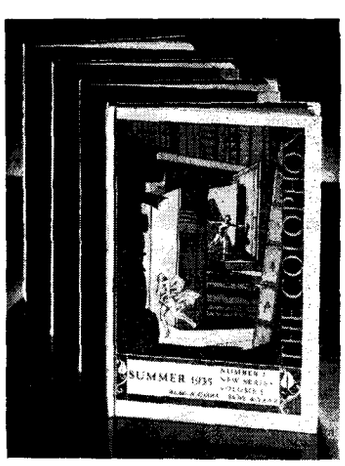

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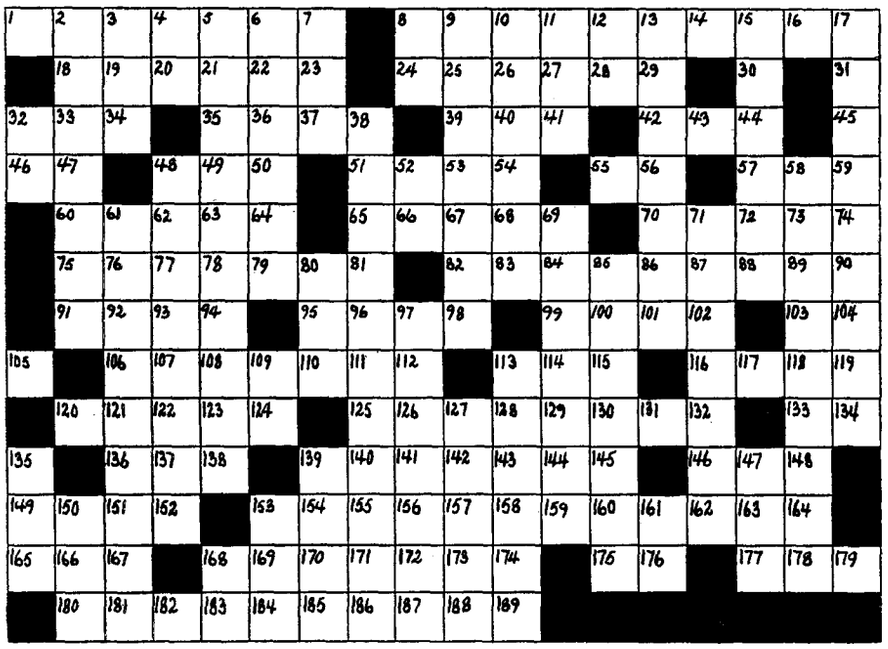
Double-Crostic: No. 88

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Graceful, pliant.

II. Those in revolt.

III. Weariness.

IV. Knitted cotton fabric.

V. Unerring; indubitable.

VI. Perpendicularity.

VII. French painter (1840-1926).

VIII. To deal out sparingly.

IX. Bird of the family Ardeidae.

X. Founder of Georgia.

XI. To struggle earnestly with a problem.

XII. The "lily maid of Astolat" (Tennyson).

XIII. Heroine of "Fidelio" (Beethoven).

XIV. To release; relax.

XV. Greek island.

XVI. Full of spirit; fiery.

XVII. English royal house (15th century).

XVIII. Notorious teller of exaggerated tales.

XIX. In the open air.

XX. Parts, functions.

XXI. Novel by Scott.

XXII. To see-saw.

XXIII. Fail to pay a wager.

XXIV. A second mowing.

XXV. Gaelic.

XXVI. Suite by Tchaikowsky.

WORDS

146 30 46 180 55 34 94

169 154 149 83 76 62 13 144 186 5

47 161 29 90 153 78 187 115 21

23 77 148 151 96

126 7 56 185 22 168 100 162 140 28

130 65 173 85 157 136

133 175 114 105 138

44 150 99 33

166 123 59 177 107

156 11 116 111 35 92 66 184 158 98

17 4 63 145 68 8 52

189 163 113 117 174 37

14 167 108 104 120 73 102

18 9 25 88 3 170

69 147 38 16 165 49 97 45 155 93

84 164 127 109 41 67 70 19 2 183

132 6 112 31

27 178 135 171 122 61 58 74 128 10

42 15 176 124 50 53 75 103

160 172 125 1 81

101 152 32 79 40 95 57 179 91 36

89 134 141 54 72 188

20 143 26 60 82

159 12 121 119 86 142 106 182 110

87 51 181 64 24

43 137 48 139 129 39 80 118 71 131

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE greatest adventures of Old Quercus are his occasional brief Trade Surveys. He learns much: aboard the Lake Shore Limited a steel merchant from Middletown, Ohio, explained to him that it saves 10 cents to call for "seltzer" (from a syphon) instead of "soda" (from a bottle.) ☞En route to Grand Rapids the train stopped at Niles, Michigan, and Q. remembered this was Ring Lardner's town. ☞Q. was late for an engagement in Grand Rapids by not realizing that upper Michigan is on Eastern Time instead of Central. ☞And later still because the train tarried at unexpected places to take on the Thanksgiving celery which grows up there in magnificent stalks. ☞On the Michigan Central R. R. is a Pullman called *Kate Douglas Wiggin.* ☞In South Bend, Indiana, the bookseller Mr. Wiedman has a very attractive shop and gets a big trade from Notre Dame University. ☞The State of Indiana apparently prohibits outdoor advertising signs announcing hard liquor; but an ingenious hotel in South Bend built a delightful little cocktail room to appeal to American patriotism. It is painted with a map and flags of the Revolution (the 1776 one) and is called the Brandywine Shop, which conveys the idea. ☞South Bend D. A. R.'s were disturbed to realize that the Battle of the Brandywine was one of George Washington's worst defeats. ☞The big signboard at Quinn and Boden's (Rahway, N. J.) began asking *Have You Read The Woollcott Reader?* (printed there) quite a while before the book was published.

☞From U. P. trains at Kearney, Neb., the traveler sees a lunchroom which announces: *Heinie Keeps This Place—This Place Keeps Heinie.* ☞This Q. learns from "Dimidiatus" who also says there's a sign in Kearney reading: "1733 miles from San Francisco and 1733 miles from Boston." ☞At Marshall Field's in Chicago Q. found an amusing imitation of the old parlor album: it is bound in red plush with silvered clasps and contains the delightful cartoons by the late Gaar Williams *Among the Folks in History,* illustrating scenes and simplicities of the 80's and 90's. A most amusing Christmas present for anyone with rural and Middle Western memory; published (at $5 and $2) by the Book and Print Guild of Winnetka, Ill. ☞Elrick B Davis the literary editor of the Cleveland Press makes a point of not putting any point after his middle initial. ☞Both Cleveland and Chicago have a lot of new yellow taxicabs, very smart; we always think it a pity that the taxicabs of Detroit, the Automotive City, are so conspicuously dingy. ☞In Harry Korner's bookstore in Cleveland we were pleased by some Persian camel bells, very sweet to hear, an ideal meal-time gong.

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QUI ARMA GERIT seeks stimulating companionship of tall brown-eyed woman in thirties for walks, contract, golf. Box 867-A.

ARTIST AND WIFE, Jews, would rent isolated cabin for occasional week-ends within 75 miles New York. Box 869-A.

YOUNG MASTER due to insecurity of private school looks elsewhere for work. Third year teaching art, instrumental, crafts. Box 870-A.

WANTED: Aid for a tired young dilettante living in New York. He needs congenial work. Has a nice background; secretarial training and business experience. Write to Box 871-A.

PETITE MODERNE, 22, looking for young man of Manhattan. Sports, dancing, theatre. Box 872-A.

RESEARCH WORK WANTED, author, magazine; limited experience. Nominal salary. Box 881-A.

PERSONALS

WIDOW with child to support seeks secretarial work in Chicago. Thirty-three, Vassar graduate, experience in publishing, medical and organization fields. Good writer's amanuensis. Box 873-A.

DEAR SANTA—Last December I desired correspondence with man who believes Saturday Review might introduce worthwhile persons. The challenge was accepted gloriously, and he wanted me, but you gave him to another little girl. Please, dear Santa, another—just like him. Box 874-A.

WANTED: To secure small New York apartment about Dec. 24 to Jan. 2. Responsible college teacher. Box 875-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, American, seeks position in New York. Combines shorthand, typing ability with fine musical education, keen interest in, and knowledge of literature and art. Box 876-A.

MUSICAL RESEARCH, all instruments and subjects. Bibliographies. MSS. copied. Reasonable fees. Metropolitan area. Box 877-A.

IS THERE around Chicago a personable, cultured man between thirty and forty, who might want to exchange thoughts about people, literature, music, or travel with attractive gal (college grad) who talks a good game of golf and likes walking, movies, theatre and Wodehouse? Box 878-A.

CULTURED YOUTH, university graduate, writer, possessing keen intelligence, high moral character, industrious, attractive appearance, pleasing personality, wonderful athlete, seeks position promising future. Box 879-A.

HIGHLY educated but unemployed young woman, Manhattanite, seeks job. Companion, read aloud, watch children, walk dogs, etc. Box 880-A.

GENTLEMAN, late fifties (chronologically), intellectual occupation, desires refined intelligent dance and recreation partner 25-45 with artistic, literary or scientific interests and appreciation. Give some particulars and decade. Manhattan.

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NON-BOHEMIAN Greenwich Village householder wishes to rent pleasant, inexpensive room to one desiring use of a grand piano. CHelsea 3-2405.

PIERRE (plain, not II): Don't let innocent plagiarists cause you to mistrust one who is NOT MIGNONNE.

DON: It cheers a certain equally insignificant atom to hear that the 5,000 tons stayed down below!

HONESTLY, JULIE? But what's the address, goose? Box 885-A.

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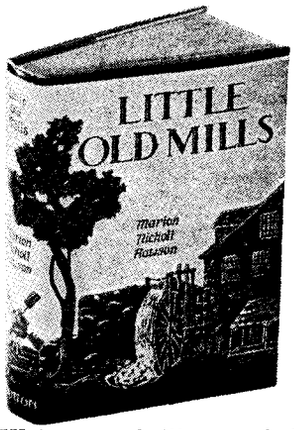

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